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(32)

7, Kingsgate Street
Winchester
November 19, 1942

My dear Miss Marks:

Sir Edward and I would like to send you affectionate greetings and the best wishes for Christmas and the New Year. Please believe that here in England the feeling of kinship with Americans is rapidly growing, and on all sides one hears expressions of gratitude for all the wonderful help you are giving us. I must not let myself start writing on the war, it is hardly wise, but one can, and dare say that we are certain of victory over the powers of evil, cost what it may!

You may be interested to hear that there is still another little descendant of Edward M. Barrett of Hope End. On the 15th a tiny great grandson was born in Australia, (Ballarah), where our grandson, John Barrett, now Whig Commander in the R.A.F. is chief instructor at the new Australian R.A.F. School. He was sent out from England to organize and start the school, and has had much praise for his work. The tiny Altham is the great, great, great grandson of old Edward Barrett about whose life and character you know more than anyone else. [There is also a little sister one year and eight months old, -Jane Henrietta. The last name was the great, great grandmother's, younger sister of Mrs. Browning, but this you know, forgive me. We hear the little maid is very healthy and sturdy and somewhat of a character. Before her first birthday she could just turn on the wireless and dance, more probably jig, and she did not mind how often she sat down hard when she lost her balance. Some friends living near are very tall, and when they come to see her mother, "Poppet" as she is sometimes called, always walks about on the tip toes to make herself taller, quaint little soul! I hope to send you a snapshot of the small maiden if I can get a good one.]

Another John Barrett, a young kinsman of my general's, is alas a prisoner in Germany. He was in Harry's house here, and a very charming lad. I write to him once a month giving all the Winchester and school news I can collect, and Harry writes from time to time, but he has so much official writing he can't send letters often. One feels letters even from old "great grannies"

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7, Kingsgate Street
Winchester
November 19, 1942

My dear Miss Barker:

Sir Edward and I would like to send you affectionate greetings and the best wishes for Christmas and the New Year. Please believe that here in England the feeling of kinship with Australia is rapidly growing, and on all sides one hears expressions of gratitude for all the wonderful help you are giving us. I must not let myself start writing on the war, it is hardly wise, but one can, and dare say that we are certain of victory over the powers of evil, cost what it may!

You may be interested to hear that there is still another little descendant of Edward M. Barrett of New-England. On the first great emigration was born in Australia (Melbourne), where our grandson, John Barrett, now this Commander in the R.A.F. is chief instructor at the new Australian R.A.T. School. He was sent out from England to organize and start the school, and he had much trouble in his work. The tiny album is the great, great, great grandson of old Edward Barrett about whose life and character you know more than anyone else. There is also a little sister one year and eight months old, Jane Henriette. The last name was the great, great grandmother's, younger sister of Mrs. Brewster, but this you know, forgive me. We hear the little maid is very healthy and sturdy and somewhat of a character. Before her first birthday she could just turn on the wireless and dance, more probably jig, and she did not mind how often she set down hard when she lost her balance. Some friends living near first birthday she could just turn on the wireless and dance, more probably jig, and she did not mind how often she set down hard when she lost her balance. Some friends "Poppy" as she is sometimes called, always walks about on the tip toes to make herself taller, doubtless little soul! I hope to send you a snapshot of the small maiden if I can get a good one.

Another John Barrett, a young kinsman of my grandfather's, is also a prisoner in Germany. He was in Harry's boxes here, and I wrote to him once a month giving all the very charming news. I write to him once a month giving all the very charming news I can collect, and Harry writes from Winchester and school news I can collect, and Harry writes from time to time, but he has so much official writing he can't send letters often. One finds letters even from old "great grandfathers"

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are welcomed by prisoners. I always remember John at the Minute of Reflection when Big Ben strikes, and add the final words of our Scotch Prayer Book "in time of war that God in His mercy will hasten the time when war shall cease in all the world".

Now, dear Miss Marks, you will be tired of my pen, so I must say good bye.

God bless and keep you safe.

Always affectionately yours,

Georgina Altham

I hope much you are better, stronger now.

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Minute of Reflection when Big Ben strikes, and all the
lines words of our Scotch Prayer Book "in time of war that
God in His mercy will hasten the time when war shall cease
in all the world."

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Georgeine Altham

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